

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY OBTAINING, GET UNDERSTANDING —PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GAET.

THE UNFORTUNATE CONSTANTIA, OR A PICTURE OF UNEXAMPLED MAGANIMITY.

By William Hayley, Esq.

CONSTANTIA was the daughter of a merchant, who being left a widower at an early period of life, with two beautiful little girls, bestowed on them a very fashionable education. It happened that, when Constantia had just attained the age of twenty-one, her sister, who was a year older, received the addresses of a man considered as her equal in rank and fortune; a man who was not, indeed, devoid of affection to his mistress, yet distinguished by a superior attention to her dower. This prudent lover informed the old gentleman, that he was a warm admirer of his eldest daughter, and that he was also happy in having gained the young lady's good opinion; but that it was impossible for him to marry unless he received, at the time of his marriage, a particular sum, which he specified. The worthy merchant was disconcerted by this declaration, as he had amused himself with the prospect of a promising match for his child. He replied, however, with calmness and integrity. He paid some general compliments to his guest, and said that he should be happy to settle a very good girl with a man of character whom she seemed to approve, but that he was under a painful necessity of rejecting the proposal; because it was impossible for him to comply with the terms required without a material injury to his youngest daughter. The cautious suitor took a formal leave, and departed. The honest father, in a private conference with his eldest child gave her a full and ingenuous account of his conduct. She applauded the justice of his decision; but felt her own loss so severely that the house soon became a scene of general distress. Constantia, finding her sister in tears, would not leave her without knowing the cause of her affliction. As soon as she had discovered it, she flew to her father. She thanked him for his parental attention to her interest; but, with the most eager and generous entreaties, conjured him not to let a mistaken kindness to her prove the source of their general unhappiness. She declared, with all the liberal ardour and sincerity of a young affectionate mind, that she valued fortune only as it might enable her to promote the comfort of those she loved; and that, whatever her own future destiny might be, the delight of having secured the felicity of her sister, would be infinitely more valuable to her than any portion whatever. She enlarged on the delicacy of her sister's health, and the danger of thwarting her present settled affection. In short, she pleaded for the suspended marriage with such genuine and pathetic eloquence, that her father embraced her with tears of delight and admiration.—The prudent lover was recalled. His return soon restored the declining health of his mistress: all difficulties were adjusted by a pecuniary compliance with his demands; the day of marriage was

fixed; and Constantia, after sacrificing every shilling of her settled portion, attended her sister to church with a heart more filled with exultation and delight than that of the bride herself, who had risen from a state of dejection and despair to the possession of the man she loved.

But the pleasure that the generous Constantia derived from an event, which she so nobly promoted, was very soon converted into concern and anxiety. In a visit of some weeks to the house of the new married couple, she soon discovered that her brother-in-law, though entitled to the character of an honest and well-meaning man, was very far from possessing the rare and invaluable talent of conferring happiness on the objects of his regard. Though he had appeared, on their first acquaintance, a man of a cultivated understanding, and an elegant address, yet, under his own roof, he indulged himself in a peevish irritability of temper, and a passion for domestic argument, peculiarly painful to the quick feelings of Constantia; who, from the exquisite sensibility of her frame, possessed an uncommon delicacy, both of mind and manners. She observed, however, with great satisfaction, and with no less surprise, that her sister was not equally hurt by this fretful infirmity of her husband.

Happily for her own comfort, that lady was one of those good, loving women, whose soft, yet steady affection, like a drop of melted wax, has the property of sticking to any substance on which it accidentally falls. She often adopted it, it is true, the quick and querulous stile of her husband; nay, their domestic debates ran so high, that poor Constantia sometimes dreaded, and sometimes almost wished an absolute separation; but her lively terrors on this subject were gradually diminished, by observing that, although they frequently skirmished after supper in a very angry tone, at the breakfast-table they seldom failed to resume a becoming tenderness of language. Constantia shortened her visit. She departed, indeed, disappointed and chagrined; but she generously concealed her sensations, and cherished a pleasing hope that she might hereafter return to the house with more satisfaction. But alas! in this the warm-hearted Constantia was more cruelly disappointed. Her sister was, in due time, delivered of a child; but it proved a very sickly infant, and soon expired. The afflicted mother languished for a considerable time in a very infirm state of health, and, after frequent miscarriages, sunk into the grave!

The widower, having passed the customary period in all the decencies of mourning, took the earliest opportunity of consoling himself for his loss by the acquisition of a more opulent bride; and, as men of his prudent disposition have but little satisfaction in the sight of a person from whom they have received great obligations which they do not mean to repay, he thought it proper to drop all intercourse with Constantia. She had a spirit too noble to be mortified by such neglect. Indeed, as she believed, in the fondness of her recent affliction, that her sister might have still been living had she been happily united to a man of a more amiable temper, she rejoiced that his ungrateful conduct relieved her from a painful necessity of practising hypocritical civilities towards a relation whom in her heart she

despised. By the death of her sister she was deeply afflicted; and this affliction was soon followed by superior calamities.

The affairs of her father began to assume a very alarming appearance. His health and spirits deserted him on the approaching wreck of his fortune. Terrified with the prospect of bankruptcy, and wounded to the soul by the idea of the destitute condition in which he might leave his only surviving child, he reproached himself incessantly for the want of parental justice, in having complied with the entreaties of the too generous Constantia. That incomparable young woman, by the most signal union of tenderness and solicitude, endeavoured to alleviate all the sufferings of her father. To give a more cheerful cast to his mind, she exerted all the vigour, and all the vivacity, of her own; she regulated all his domestic expenses with an assiduous but a tranquil economy; and discovered a peculiar pleasure in denying to herself many usual expensive articles of dress and diversion. The honest pride and delight which he took in the contemplation of her endearing character, enabled the good old man to triumph for some time over sickness, terror, and misfortune. At last, however, the fatal hour arrived which he had so grievously apprehended. He became a bankrupt, and resolved to retire into France, with a faint hope of repairing his ruined fortune by the aid of connexions which he had formed in that country. He could not support the thought of carrying Constantia among foreigners, in so indigent a condition, and therefore determined to leave her under the protection of her aunt, Mrs. Braggard, a widow lady who, possessing a comfortable jointure, and a notable spirit of economy, was enabled to make a considerable figure in a country town. Mrs. Braggard was one of those good women who, by paying the most punctual visits to a cathedral, imagine they acquire an unquestionable right, not only to speak aloud their own exemplary virtues, but to make as free as they please with the conduct and character of every person within and without the circle of their acquaintance. Having enjoyed, from her youth, a very hale constitution, and not having injured it by any foolish, tender excesses of love or sorrow, she was, at the age of fifty-four, completely equal to all the business and bustle of the female world. As she wisely believed activity to be a great source of health and amusement, she was always extremely active in her own affairs; and sometimes in those of others.

She considered the key of her store-room as her sceptre of dominion; and not wishing to delegate her authority to any minister whatever, she was very far from wanting the society of her niece as an assistant in the management of her house: yet she was very ready to receive the unfortunate Constantia under her roof, for the sake of the pleasure which would certainly arise to her—not, indeed, from the uncommon charms of Constantia's conversation, but from repeating herself, to every creature who visited at her house, what a great friend she was to that poor girl!

Painful as such repetitions must be to a mind of quick sensibility, Constantia supported them with a modest resignation.—There were circumstances in her present situation that galled her much more. Mrs.

Braggard had an utter contempt, or rather, a constitutional antipathy for literature and music, the darling amusements of Constantia, and the only occupations by which she hoped to sooth her agitated spirits under the pressure of her various afflictions. Her father, with a very tender solicitude, had secured to her a favourite harpsichord, and a small but choice collection of books. These, however, instead of proving the sources of consolatory amusement, as he had kindly imagined, only served to increase the vexations of the poor Constantia, as she seldom attempted either to sing or to read, without hearing a prolix invective from her aunt against musical and learned ladies.

Mrs. Braggard seemed to think that all useful knowledge, and all rational delight, are centered in a social game of cards; and Constantia, who from principles of gratitude and good nature wished to accommodate herself to the humour of every person from whom she received obligation, assiduously endeavoured to promote the diversion of her aunt; but having little or no pleasure in cards, and being sometimes unable, from uneasiness of mind, to command her attention, she was generally a loser; a circumstance which produced a very bitter oration from the attentive old lady, who declared that inattention of this kind was excusable in a girl when the money she played for was supplied by a friend! At the keenness, or rather the brutality of this reproach, the poor insulted Constantia burst into tears, and a painful dialogue ensued, in which she felt all the wretchedness of depending on the ostentatious charity of a relation, whose heart and soul had not the smallest affinity with her own. The conversation ended in a compromise, by which Constantia obtained the permission of renouncing cards for ever, on the condition, which she herself proposed, of never touching the harpsichord again, as the sound of that instrument was as unpleasant to Mrs. Braggard as the sight of a card-table was to her unfortunate niece.

Constantia passed a considerable time in this state of unmerited mortification; wretched in her own situation, and anxious, to a most painful degree, concerning the fate of her father! Perceiving there were no hopes of his return to England, she wrote him most tender and pathetic letter, enumerating all her afflictions, and imploring his consent to her taking leave of her aunt, and endeavouring to acquire a more peaceable maintenance for herself by teaching the rudiments of music to young ladies; an employment to which her talents were perfectly equal. To this filial petition she received a very extraordinary and a very painful answer. Her unhappy father, ruined in his fortune and his health, had been for some time tormented by an imaginary terror, the most painful that can possibly enter into a parental bosom: he had conceived, that in consequence of his having sacrificed the interest of his youngest daughter to the establishment of her sister, the destitute Constantia would be at length reduced to a state of absolute indigence and prostitution. Under the pressure of this idea, which amounted almost to frenzy, he had replied to her request. His letter was wild, incoherent, and long: but the purport of it was, that if she ever quitted her present residence while she

herself was unmarried and her aunt alive, she would expose herself to the curse of an offended father; and his malediction was, indeed, in this case, denounced against her, in terms the most vehement that the language of contending passions could possibly supply. Having rapidly perused this letter, I endeavoured to console my poor weeping friend, by representing it as the wild effusions of a very worthy but misguided man, whose undeserved calamities had impaired his reason. "My father," replied Constantia, "is now at rest in his grave, and you, perhaps, may think it superstitious in me to pay so much regard to this distressing letter; but he never in his life laid any command on me, which was not suggested by his affection; and, wretched as I am, I cannot be disobedient even to his ashes!" Constantia, though she shed many tears as she spoke, yet spoke in the tone of a determined martyr. I repeated every argument that reason and friendship could suggest, to shake a resolution so pernicious to herself; but I could make no impression on her mind: she had determined to adhere strictly to the letter, as well as to the spirit of her father's interdiction; and as I perceived that she had an honest pride in her filial piety, I could no longer think of opposing it. Instead, therefore, of recommending to her a new system of life, I endeavoured to reconcile her mind to her present situation. "Perhaps," replied Constantia, "no female orphan, who has been preserved by Providence from absolute want, from infamy and guilt, ought to repine at her condition; and when I consider the more deplorable wretchedness of some unhappy beings of my own sex, whose misery, perhaps, has arisen more from accident than from voluntary error, I am inclined to reproach my own heart for those murmurs which sometimes, I confess to you, escape from it in solitude. Yet, if I were to give you a genuine account of all that I endure, you, I know, would kindly assure me that the discontent, which I strive in vain to subdue, has not amounted to a crime." She then entered into a detail of many domestic scenes; and gave me so strong a picture of a life destitute of all social comfort, and harassed by such an infinitude of dispiriting vexations, that I expressed a very sincere admiration of the meek and modest fortitude which she had displayed in supporting it so long.—

"I have, indeed, suffered a great deal," said Constantia, with a deep sigh; "but the worst is not over; I am afraid that I shall lose all sense of humanity. I can take no interest in any thing; and to confess a very painful truth to you, I do not feel as I ought to do the undeserved attention and friendship which I am at this moment receiving from you." I would have tried to rally her out of these gloomy phantasies; but she interrupted me by exclaiming with a stern, yet low voice—"Indeed, it is true, and I can only explain my sensations to you by saying, that I feel as if my heart was turning into stone!" This forcible expression, and the corresponding cast of countenance with which she uttered it, rendered me for some moments unable to reply: it struck me, indeed, as a lamentable truth, to which different parts of her much-altered frame bore a strong though silent testimony. In her face, which was once remarkable for a fine complexion, and the most animated look of intelligent goodness, there now appeared a sallow pallor, and, though not a sour, yet a settled dejection; her hands, also, had the same bloodless appearance; retaining neither the warmth nor the colour of living flesh. Yet Constantia was at this time perfectly free from every nominal distemper.

The entrance of Mrs. Braggard gave a new turn to our conversation, without, however, affording us relief. That good lady endeavoured to entertain me with particular attention; but there was such a strange mixture of vulgar dignity, and

indelicate facetiousness in her discourse, that she was very far from succeeding in her design. She asked me if I was not greatly struck by the change that a few years had made in the countenance of her niece! hinting, in very coarse terms of awkward jocularity, that the loss of complexion was to be imputed to her single life, and adding, with an affected air of kindness, that as she had some very rich relations in Jamaica she believed she should be tempted to carry the poor girl to the West Indies, to try all the chances of new acquaintance in a warmer climate. I perceived the pale cheek of Constantia begin to redden at this language of her aunt. As the expressions of that good lady grew more and more painful to her ingenuous pride, the unfortunate Constantia, who found it impossible to suppress her tears, now quitted the room; but she returned to us again in a few minutes with an air of composed sorrow, and of meek endurance.

I soon ended my mortifying visit; and left the town in which Constantia resided, with a disposition to quarrel with Fortune for her injustice and cruelty to my amiable friend. It seemed to me as if nature had designed that an affectionate activity, and a joyous benevolence should be the vital springs in Constantia's existence; but that chance having thrown her into a situation, which afforded no nourishment to the lovely qualities of her heart and mind, she was perishing like a flower in an unfriendly soil!

My imagination was wounded by the image of her destiny; but the generous Constantia, seeing the impression which her sufferings had made on me, wrote me a letter of consolation. She arraigned herself, with an amiable degree of injustice, for having painted to me in colours much too strong the unpleasant qualities of her aunt, and the disquietude of her own condition: she flattered me with the idea, that my visit and advice to her had given a more cheerful cast to her mind; and she encouraged me to hope, that time would make her a perfect philosopher. In the course of a few years I received several letters from my friend; and all in this comfortable strain. At length she sent me the following billet:

"My dear Friend,

"I am preparing to set out, in a few days, for a distant country; and, before my departure, I wish to trouble you with an interesting commission: if possible, indulge me with an opportunity of imparting it to you in person where I now am. As it will be the last time that I can expect the satisfaction of seeing you in this world, I am persuaded you will comply with this anxious request of your much obliged, and very grateful,

"CONSTANTIA."

In perusing this note, I concluded that Mrs. Braggard was going to execute the project she had mentioned, and was really preparing to carry her niece to Jamaica: yet, on reflection, if that were the case, Constantia might, I thought, have contrived to see me with more convenience, in her passage through London. However, I obeyed her summons as I could. In a few minutes after my arrival in the town where she resided, I was informed by the landlord of the inn at which I stopped, that the life of my poor friend was supposed to be in danger. This information at once explained to me the mystery of the billet. I hastened to the house of Mrs. Braggard; and in the midst of my concern and anxiety for my suffering friend, I felt some comfort on finding that, in our interview, we should not be tormented by the presence of her unfeeling aunt, as that lady had been tempted to leave her declining charge, to attend the wedding of a more fortunate relation, and was still detained by scenes of nuptial festivity in a distant county. When I entered the apartment of Constantia, I perceived in her eyes a ray of joyous anima-

tion, though her frame was so emaciated, and she laboured under such a general debility, that she was unable to stand a moment without assistance.

Having dismissed her attendants, she seemed to collect all the little portion of strength that remained in her decaying frame, to address me in the following manner—

"Be not concerned, my dear friend, at an event which, though you might not, perhaps, expect it so soon, your friendship will, I hope, on reflection, consider with a sincere though melancholy satisfaction. You have often been so good as to listen to my complaints; forgive me, therefore, for calling you to be a witness to that calm and devout comfort with which I now look on the approaching end of all my unhappiness! You have heard me say, that I thought there was a peculiar cruelty in the lot that Heaven had assigned to me; but I now feel that I too hastily arraigned the dispensations of Providence. Had I been surrounded with the delights of a happy domestic life, I could not, I believe, have beheld the near approaches of death in that clear and consolatory light in which they now appear to me. My past murmurs are, I trust, forgiven; and I now pay the most willing obedience to the decrees of the Almighty. The country to which I am departing is, I hope and believe, the country where I shall be again united to the lost objects of my tenderest affection. I have but little business to adjust on earth. May I entreat the favour of you," continued Constantia, with some hesitation, "to be my executor?—My property," added she, with a tender yet ghastly smile, "being all contained in this narrow chamber, will not give you much embarrassment; and I shall die with peculiar peace of mind, if you will kindly assure me that I shall be buried by the side of my dear, unhappy father!" The tender thoughts that overwhelmed her in mentioning her unfortunate parent, now rendered her utterance almost indistinct; yet she endeavoured to enter on some private family reasons for applying to me on this subject. I thought it most kind to interrupt her, by a general assurance of my constant desire to obey, at all times, every injunction of hers; and observing, that her distemper appeared to be nothing but mere weakness of body, I expressed a hope of seeing her restored. But, looking steadfastly on me, she said, after a pause of some moments—"Be not so unkind as to wish me to recover; for, 'in the world I only fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty!'" The calm and pathetic voice with which she pronounced these affecting words of Shakespeare, pierced me to the soul: I was unable to reply; and I felt an involuntary tear on my cheek. My poor friend perceived it; and immediately exclaimed, in a more affectionate tone, "You are a good but weak mortal: I must dismiss you from a scene, which I hoped you would have supported with more philosophy. Indeed, I begin also to feel that it is too much for us both; if I find myself a little stronger to-morrow, I will see you again; but if I refuse you admittance to my chamber, you must not be offended. And now, you must leave me! Do not attempt to say Adieu! but give me your hand, and God bless you!" Pressing her cold emaciated fingers to my lips, I left her apartment as she ordered me in silent haste; apprehending, from the changes in her countenance, that she was in danger of fainting. The next morning she sent me a short billet, in a trembling hand, begging me to excuse her not seeing me again, as it arose from motives of kindness: and in the evening she expired!

Such was the end of this excellent, unfortunate being, in the forty-second year of her age! The calamities of her life, instead of giving any asperity to her temper, had softened and refined it. Fare-

well, thou gentle and benevolent spirit! If, in the present scene of happier existence, thou art conscious of sublunary occurrences, disdain not this imperfect memorial of thy sufferings and thy virtues! and if the pages I am now writing should fall into the hand of any indigent and dejected maiden, whose ill-fortune may be similar to thine, may they soothe and diminish the disquietude of her life, and prepare her to meet the close of it with thy piety and composure!

THE ROUGH SCOT.

Man likes me not.—SHAKSPEARE.

"De'il tak' you, you idiot!—leave the room;—what gars ye ay blunder in upon a body, like a stupid brute, as y' are!—Quit the room, I say!" cried old Moody, to his aged servant man. The poor fellow looked humbly and sadly at his master, smiled a blessing in return for this brutality, and drew the door to as gently as if he feared that the very wind might disturb his tyrant employer. In about half a minute he returned, scarcely daring to re-open the door, and said gently but very confidently, "Here's the pur' widow, sir: what am I to say till her?"—"Tell her, David, that she's a canting auld —, and that she shall hear from me the day mair than she likes!—a clashing auld limmer, that canna haud her gab yae minute, but mann ay be telling a' that folk do." "Dear me, guid master! Bless his heart!" muttered David, as he went down stairs.

Such contradictions struck me as very singular and unaccountable. Chance had made me an inmate of the same house, Mr. Moody had always appeared to me a complete misanthropist, and I had avoided him; but there was something so surprising in all this, that I was resolved to get to the bottom of it. I accordingly bribed David by a few attentions, and I learned from him his master's very singular character and history, as follow:

Heir to a large estate at the death of his father, he was flattered and courted by every one. He possessed a natural bluntness and rough honesty; but these were checkered with much native wit, and gilded over with the warmest and most universal benevolence. At his father's demise, he found his estate encumbered to the greatest degree, and claims of every sort against the deceased. Most of the latter, the inheritor had the power of evading; and he might, by raising his rents, and by marrying a rich merchant's daughter, have repaired the ruin of his fortune: but he loved his tenants too well to distress them, and the latter he did not love well enough to make happy, whilst he was too honest to deceive her. He accordingly sold his estate, except a portion of land occupied by some old and infirm persons. This he gave them. And he not only paid every one of his father's debts, but provided for a natural child of his, and took a number of his father's pensioners upon himself, amongst whom was David, his body servant.

Leaving himself without a shilling, he now embarked in mercantile speculation, which succeeded so completely as to gain him a second fortune. Previous, however, to this enterprise, he had thrown himself upon his numerous sun-shine friends, in order to obtain something through their patronage. Many of them had been essentially served by his father and family, and owed their advancement, nay, some of them their very fortunes, to him; but he found every one of them desert him in the hour of trial. He had himself lent sums of money to many of them, gay and dissipated youths of all countries and of all professions; yet half of them now pleaded poverty, and did not even return what they owed, while the others avoided him and shunned his company, paying with an ill grace the loan, but wholly forgetting the obligation, and much more that reciprocity

of kindness and of service which former acts of friendship justly demanded.

From a social turn and a degree of homespun mother wit, peculiar to the Scot, he now assumed a retired aspect, a suspicious brow, rude speech, and repulsive manners; yet was his heart taken by surprise, both abroad and at home, innumerable times. Beat in only his rugged sentinel at the door of utterance—oppose mildness and patience to his harsh manner or reproachful air, and the avenues of his philanthropy, the high road to all his tenderest sympathies, lie unguarded before you.

Laborious were his undertakings, painful and fatiguing his toils, to gain a fortune; yet never did man love money less than he. He was but the faithful treasurer of it for others; for in doing unknown good lay all his happiness and enjoyment, and his reproach to the widow was for telling the good which he had done to her. On his return to England with plenty of money, he designed to lay his fortune and his heart at the feet of a poor relation's daughter; but she refused him for a gayer lover and a red coat. He now took and educated a neighbour's child: but after setting his heart upon it, it died. On this occasion he was heard to say, "D— the child! (this he no more meant than the man unborn,) why did it ever wind itself thus round my heart?" This last word was spoken with the strongest and most emphatic Scottish accent. He added, "What's the use o' siller, if aue has nae body to be guid to?"

In friendship he had been more than once made the dupe of an unsuspecting mind, so that he now suspected every man; yet he ceased not to love him or to serve him. Meeting one day an old pensioner of his looking very pale, he addressed him, (my reader must pardon the expression,) with "D— you, what gars you look sae pale? you'll no tak' any thing to do you good: Davy tells me that you hinnah the heart to buy proper things; and if wine be over-dear for you, its no over dear for me; you've nae thing to do but to ask Davy, and you can hae what you want; if a pund a week be over little, tak' twa." The man now blessed him. "Hand your nonsense!" exclaimed he, quite angry, "I dinna do a' this to please you; I do it because it pleases mysel'. Wha the devil can see a fellow-creature suffer, and hae siller in 's pouch?" On the occasion of the servant's bursting into the room, his master was only angry with himself, because he was caught in tears whilst reading an affecting poem; and he was once met on the Dumfries road, having left his carriage, and travelling on foot, in order to conduct a lamb which had strayed from its mother back to the place from whence it had wandered. On seeing the sheep approach it, bleating, he melted into tears; then, clapping his hands, he exclaimed, "Plague tak' the beastie, what gar'd it follow my carriage?" But his countenance beamed delight at having restored the lost animal. Nor did his benevolence stop at the brute creation. With his tears, with his gold, with his blood, would he have succoured the tender wanderer from the right path—the deluded, the betrayed fair one; for his was a soul of fire issuing from all the dross and gloomy offensiveness of the coal that surrounded it—a gem unbosomed in the coarsest clay, a spark latent in the roughest flint, sharp, rugged, uncouth, and repellent; but once struck, warm, luminous, cheering, and serviceable.

Whilst yet feebly tracing his picture, I cannot sufficiently regret that assumed, unnatural exterior—the oath, or the offensive speech which preceded his acts of benevolence, and seemed to condemn his feeling heart, which fain would accuse himself for what alone he seemed to live. Was it pride? Was it shame? Was it an angry mood? or was it mere bad habit? It was all in part. Too proud to seem

liable to be deceived, he affected misanthropy and want of feeling. Ashamed of being so often betrayed and played upon, he scowled and frowned at the very remembrance of man's ingratitude. Fettered by a most detestable habit of swearing, without the least intention of injury or of profaneness, he thus made his ill speech and gross habit an off-reckoning to bring up his head-way of benevolence—a reproach to himself lest he should be too tender, too kind, too bending, or too bountiful to ungrateful man.

Could the disgusting chaff of ill speech and unbecoming manner be separated from the rich grain of charity ever springing up in fruits of virtue and of good deeds—could this vice of habit, but not of criminal enjoyment, be abstracted from a life of the most generous beneficence—could the harsh and unseemly casket be taken from the jewel within, Mr. Moody would be "a man indeed!" But, alas! where is perfection in this perishable world?

THE GLÉANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too;
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies.

SHAKESPEARE.

Highland Honour.—About the beginning of the last century, the county of Inverness was infested by a band of *cathars*, or robbers, commanded by John Gunn, who put the whole district under contribution, and advanced even to the very walls of the town, in defiance of a garrison of English soldiers then in possession of the castle. An officer, who was on his way to Inverness, with money to pay the troops, and having with him only a very small detachment by way of an escort, was obliged to pass the night at an inn, about thirty miles from the end of his journey. In the course of the evening he saw a man of a good aspect, and dressed in the national costume, make his appearance in the house, as if with the intention of remaining till morning; and as there happened to be only one apartment in the humble establishment, he invited the stranger to take a share of his supper. The Highlander accepted with an air of great reluctance. The officer finding, from the conversation that ensued, that his guest was well acquainted with the roads and ditches in the country, entreated him to accompany the little escort the following morning, disclosing to him, at the same time, the object of his march through that wild district, and also the fears which he entertained of falling, together with the depot committed to his charge, into the hands of that formidable bandit known by the name of John Gunn. The mountaineer, after some hesitation, promised to be his guide. Early in the morning the officer renewed his march, accompanied by his friend; and, in traversing a solitary and sterile glen, the conversation turned once more to the marauding exploits of the celebrated John Gunn; when, all of a sudden, the Celt, addressing the Englishman with great energy, said, "Should you like to see that notorious freebooter?" Without waiting for an answer, the Highlander gave a whistle so loud and strong, that all the rocks of the glen repeated the signal; and, in an instant, the officer and his party were surrounded by a body of men armed to the teeth, and so numerous, as to render every attempt at resistance quite unavailable. "Stranger," said the mysterious guide, "I am John, your fears of him were not without foundation, for I came last night to your inn to discover the route you were to take to-day, in order to ease you of your treasure; but I am incapable of betraying the confidence you have reposed in me, wherefore, after thus showing you that you are completely in my power, I send you away without loss

or damage." Accordingly, after giving the officer the necessary directions for pursuing his journey, John Gunn disappeared with his troop in the same sudden manner in which these last had presented themselves to view.

Love of country.—Some German officers, who were prisoners at Cambrai, were invited to dine with the archbishop, whose table was always open to the officers of the French garrison, of which a certain number dined with him every day. The Germans during the dinner were continually calling for bumper of wine. The French seemed to sneer at this behaviour of the German officers, and looked on them with a kind of contempt—which Monsieur Fenelon observing, called for a half pint glass of Burgundy, (which, perhaps, was more than he had ever taken at one meal before,) and drank it off to the health of the prisoners. This was a handsome compliment to the Germans, and a proper reprimand to his own countrymen. But as soon as the German officers were gone, he thus admonished the French gentlemen:—"You should endeavour to divest yourselves of all national prejudices, and never condemn the customs and manners of a foreign people, because they are altogether different from your own. I am a true Frenchman, and love my country; but I love mankind better than my country."

Memory.—A very singular case of sudden obliteration of the deepest impressions, occurred in Oxford, somewhat later than the middle of the last century. It was narrated by the late Mr. Windham, and the fact is well known to many persons yet living. A woman, who was there executed, was restored to animation. She completely recovered her health—married—bore children—and conducted herself reputably through life. But the effect produced on her memory by the shock which her bodily frame had sustained, was most extraordinary. She recollects every thing distinctly, up to the day of her trial; but from that day she recollects nothing; and the period between her trial and execution for ever after remained a blank in her memory. She had behaved in prison with great composure and resignation—had partaken of the sacrament on the morning of execution—sung a hymn on the scaffold—taken a calm farewell of her friends—and betrayed no symptoms of terror. But all these scenes were for ever effaced from her mind—nor had she ever afterwards the faintest glimmer of recollection that she had been placed in such jeopardy. Her memory, with regard to every thing else, was unimpaired. It would seem as if the ideas that possessed her mind during her imprisonment, and were uppermost on it, had literally been all wiped away.

Singular Edict.—The following anecdote serves to show the *high wisdom* of the Emperor of Morocco:

A Jew had ordered a French merchant to furnish him with a considerable quantity of black beaver hats, green shawls, and red silk stockings. When they were ready for delivery, the Jew refused to receive them. Being brought before the Emperor, who administers justice himself, he denied having given the order, and maintained that he did not even know the French merchant. "Have you any witnesses?" said the Emperor to the Frenchman.—"No." "So much the worse for you; you should have taken care to have had witnesses: you may retire." The poor merchant, completely ruined, returned home in despair. He was, however, soon alarmed by a noise in the street; he ran to see what it was. A numerous multitude were following one of the Emperor's officers, who was making the following proclamation at all the cross roads.—"Every Jew, who, within four and twenty hours after this proclamation,

shall be found in the streets without a black beaver hat on his head, a green shawl round his neck, and red silk stockings on his legs, shall be immediately seized, and conveyed to the first court of our palace, to be there flogged to death." The children of Israel all flocked to the French merchant, and before evening the articles were purchased at aye price he chose to demand for them. After this, who will presume to question the sovereign equity of the monarchs of Morocco?

Criminal Law.—Sir Samuel Romilly said, "In the criminal law of this country, (England) he had always considered it as a very great defect, that capital punishments were frequent, and appointed, he could not say inflicted, for so many crimes. No principle could be more clear, than that it is the *certainty*, much more than the *severity*, of punishments, which renders them *efficacious*.

Physicians in Spain.—In the present day, the fee of a physician is 2*l.* sterling from the tradesman, 10*d.* from the man of fashion, and nothing from the poor. Some noble families agree with the physician by the year, paying him annually four score reals, that is 1*l.* for his attendance on them and their families. If this is their *compensation*, how shall we estimate their *talents and learning*?

Bon mot.—Dr. Lenigar, titular archbishop of Dublin, a man of very lively parts, happened, in a mixed company, to be introduced to a Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was to attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of some one in company. They sat near each other at table, where the doctor engaged general attention by his sprightly manner. Mr. Swan, to silence him, said, "Doctor — I forget your name."—"Lenigar, Sir," returned the doctor. "I ask your pardon," replied Swan, "I have the misfortune scarce ever to recollect names; you'll not be offended therefore, if in the course of conversation I call you Dr. Vinegar?" "Ob! not at all, Sir," returned the doctor, "I have the very same defect; and it is very probable, though I now name you Swan, I may by and by call you goose."

Hunting by Steam.—In a conversation which a short time since took place upon the wonderful and various applications of steam, an Irish gentleman present, who had just arrived in England, suddenly exclaimed—"It's quite entirely past all belief. By the Powers! I'll be no way surprised to find myself going a-hunting some morning on my own tay-kettle!"

Animals three miles long.—Dr. Sydal, Bishop of Gloucester, used to relate, that a person of his college (Corpus Christi, Cambridge), not famous for his acumen, once asserted that there were animals several miles long. This was said in a large company, and when the persons present began to stare, and express doubt of the fact, he said he could demonstrate the thing to any of them that would come to his chamber. In a day or two some went; upon which he took out his compasses, and went to a map hanging up in his room, and first measured the figure of an animal therein engraved by way of ornament, and then clapt them to a scale of miles, saying, "Look you there, gentlemen; this animal is at least three miles long, and there are others of greater dimensions."

A Pun.—At the Assizes, a landlord brought some wine to a gentleman dining in a private room, which he did not approve, and he requested it might be changed. The landlord expressed his surprise at this, as he said it was greatly admired by the *Gentlemen of the Bar*, who were drinking it above stairs. "Ay," replied the other very coolly, "they are not *Judges*."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

COWPER.

TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

(In a Letter from Lichtenstein at Berlin, July, 1822.)

The Prussian naturalists, Drs. Ehrenberg and Hemprich, on their tour in the interior parts of Northern Africa, safely arrived at the celebrated Dongola, the capital of Nubia, on the 15th of February. This remarkable country, in which the Christian church was predominant till the end of the 13th century, and whose inhabitants made the bravest resistance for five centuries to the victorious caliphs and their descendants, has been till now almost entirely closed against the researches of the Europeans. With the exception of the French physician, M. Poncet, who visited Dongola in the year 1700, on his way to Sennar, and describes it in a few pages, nobody has spoken of it as an eyewitness; even Burckhardt and Belzoni were obliged to give up the bold attempt of penetrating so far, till Mahomet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, in the year 1812, put an end to the bloody contests which had for such a long time harassed the fertile plains of Nubia, by the total conquest of the Mamelucks. M. Caillaud, the French mineralogist, who reached Dongola in January, 1821, and whose travels are now published, followed the victorious army.

Since that time, the troops of the Pasha have pursued their march farther southward; Sennar and Kordofan are conquered, and tranquillity so fully established, that travellers, favoured by Mahomet Ali, may traverse those countries with the greatest security, and find no other difficulties than such as are occasioned by want of provisions in those desert tracts.

Our learned and active countrymen, who, by the assistance of the Royal Academy of Sciences, first accompanied General Minutoli on his travels, and afterwards received from the Prussian government means for continuing their undertaking, have not neglected the opportunity of exploring a country wholly unknown with respect to its natural productions, and their bold enterprise is crowned with the happiest success.

In September last they left Cairo, provided with a firman of the Sultan, with English passports and letters of recommendation to all the English and Prussian consuls in the Levant; and stopt first in the provinces of El-Fajum and Beni Souef, where they made a rich collection of plants and animals. But their eagerness in collecting plants caused them to be looked upon as compounders of poison, so that every body shunned them. At length, even a complaint was preferred against them, which, however, was put an end to by the decision of the Bey, who commanded in Beni Souef, "That, in future, every person who spoke ill of them, should be immediately thrown into the Nile." They of course could have no objection to the people considering them as sorcerers, and relating that no ball was able to kill them.

In the first days of October they arrived at Siout, and in the beginning of the following month at Essouan, the ancient Syene, at which place is the last great cataract of the Nile, near the island of Elephantine, which is the southern boundary of Egypt towards Nubia. Here they arranged their collections, and packed them up in strong chests, ready to be sent away. So far they had proceeded in a boat on the Nile; but from this place they were obliged to travel, partly at least, by land, on account of the cataracts. The means for doing this were however difficult to be procured, and it was not till after some trouble that twelve camels were brought together, but which would

not have been sufficient to carry all the company and baggage. It fortunately so happened, that a caravan of slaves from Wadi Halfa was just coming down the Nile in boats, one of which they hired, and in it Dr. Ehrenberg continued his journey with a part of the baggage, while Dr. Hemprich proceeded by land on camels to Wadi Halfa. Here the two travellers met a few days before Christmas; but other difficulties occurring, Dr. Ehrenberg went on before to Suckot, for the purpose of sending hired camels to carry their effects, and at length Dr. Hemprich followed with the baggage. Thus the month of January passed; and after having allowed the weary animals a few days rest at Suckot, Dr. Hemprich again pursued his journey alone to Dongola, where he arrived on the 15th of February, and was received in the most hospitable manner by Abdin Bey, the governor of Nubia, to whom he had letters of recommendation. He not only immediately gave him a very convenient house, and an abundant stock of sheep, fowls, corn, and fodder for the camels, but this friendly man also sent thirty camels to Suckot, to fetch Dr. Ehrenberg and the baggage, which services were of the more importance, as they could not be obtained for money.

After passing Syene, nature, according to the account of our travellers, assumes an entirely different character: the forms of the animals and plants appear new, and dissimilar from those of Egypt.

Those who travelled by land met whole herds of antelopes, some of which were killed by skilful European huntsmen, whom they had taken into their service at Cairo. Only three species were prepared for the collection; of a fourth, (*Oryx*) they obtained a horn five feet long. Those of the party who went by water heard the constant bellowing of the hippopotamus; herds of zebras and flocks of ostriches approach very near to Dongola; and in the mountains of Kordofan, there are, according to letters from an European in the Pacha's army, lions, panthers, giraffes, and rhinoceroses, besides numerous smaller quadrupeds of singular forms.

Our zealous collectors, since they sent their sixth remittance in September last to Berlin, have again procured more than they will be able to pack in twenty chests. They have directed their attention to all branches of natural history; not only mammalia, birds, amphibia, insects, and beautiful flowering plants, but also (what is still more difficult) the fish and insects of the Nile; the intestinal worms and external parasites of the game which they killed. The more tender lichens and mosses were collected, and when necessary, immediately drawn from the originals in their fresh state and their dissection, by the skilful hand of Dr. Ehrenberg. A hundred of these drawings are already in our possession; two hundred more have since been finished. They have likewise carefully collected the mineral productions, that they may be able to give an account of the conformation and component parts of the mountains they have ascended.

It is the intention of our travellers to remain three months in the neighbourhood of Dongola, then to make an excursion along the Red Sea to Suez, but to return time enough to reach Sennar and Kordofan before the rainy season. They expect to be in September in Dongola, whence Dr. Hemprich will set out alone for Cairo, to ship off the collections for Europe, and to receive the commands of the distinguished promoters of the enterprise; in conformity to which, he will then either return to Nubia, or summon his friend to accompany him back to Europe.

At all events, the researches of such able observers will furnish infinitely important additions to our knowledge of the interior of Africa; nay, perhaps afford the long desired solution of many of those

interesting, hitherto undecided questions, respecting the connexion of the great African rivers. Possessed as they are of various and solid knowledge, it is not to be feared that they will restrict their attention to natural history alone. On the contrary, they show in their reports a lively interest in the splendid monuments of those gigantic ages by which they are surrounded. Perhaps they are destined to be the first Europeans to penetrate into Meroe, and to give us the first account of the probably very extensive remains of the ancient City of the Priests. Their friends are the more entitled to indulge in all these hopes, as they are now perfectly inured to the climate; have obtained, by many a hard trial during the first eighteen months of their stay, an accurate knowledge of the geography, language, and manners of the country, and of the difficulties to be surmounted; and have merited, by indefatigable zeal and perseverance, the success which now appears to wait them. Perhaps our modest naturalists will succeed where our worthy countrymen Hornemann, Seetzen, Kontgen, and so many others failed, who set out with much greater plans.

From October, 1820, to August, 1821, they sent ten chests and four casks, with objects of natural history, to the royal collections of natural history at Berlin, which are all safely arrived here. They contained—a mummy in perfect preservation, from the catacombs of Gizeh; 9 mummies' heads, from the same; 182 mammalia, half of which are preserved in spirits of wine, or prepared as skeletons; 375 birds, of which 61 are in spirits of wine; 176 amphibia, almost all in spirits of wine; 82 Nile fishes in ditto; 5000 dried insects, and a great number in spirits of wine; 1200 mollusca and worms, of which 800 in spirits of wine; 800 kinds of dried plants; 150 specimens of mineralogy.

These consignments are rendered particularly valuable by the details accompanying them, which state the place where they were found, the natural character, and the observations made upon them.

This diligence entitles us to entertain the most sanguine hopes of the farther success of this enterprise; and the liberality with which the government has supported it, enhances the services which Prussia has already done by contributing to the improvement of learning and science.

LICHENSTEIN.

LITERATURE.

THE VALE OF ALDOMAR.

No. IV.

We have now arrived at the fourth, and concluding canto of this interesting tale, the opening of which represents Wamba (Ellen) seated on a rude throne, and surrounded by the savage tribe. In accordance with a custom among some of the Indians, Astalpa the chieftain, bending beneath the weight of years and misfortunes which had attended him, craves the boon of death. In a low and mournful tone, well adapted to the mournful scene, Ellen sings. This being regarded by Astalpa as an assent to his wishes, he appoints Tushma-la-ha his successor, and directs him to strike the blow. The youth hesitated for some time to obey the fatal mandate. But encouraged by the earnest solicitations of Astalpa,

Tushma-la-ha the arrow took,
While every nerve within him shook,
He brac'd the bow, the arrow flew,
The nerve was strong, the aim was true.
Astalpa smil'd—Astalpa sigh'd—
The chieftain fell—the monarch died.

Before closing his eyes for ever, the aged warrior fixed a dying look on Ellen, who was gazing wildly at the scene before her. It was such a glance as darted from the eye of her father when he fell struggling with the murderer of Albert,

and the effect it produced was to restore her as suddenly to her senses as she was then deprived of them:

Reason returned, and with it brought
Wonder too great for speech or thought;
Alone she stood upon the pile,
Gone was the cheerful glad'ning smile,
For dread amazement fill'd her soul,
And horror held her in control.

A signal, followed by dreadful yells, is now heard without.—The foe, led on by Oswald, had surrounded the place. A general massacre ensues, during which the whole of Wamba's party, except Tushma-la-ha, perished. The resistance he made astonished Oswald, who at first thought him a spirit; but finally the successor of Astalpa was forced to yield to numbers, who tied his arms and legs, and bound him to a tree. Ellen was now brought before Oswald, and, on her narrating her story, he ordered her to be set at liberty, and promised her his protection. While the Indians were busy in worshipping Oswald as their Great Spirit, Ellen discovers the situation of Tushma-la-ha, and on going up to him she recognised him to be the same young Indian who had discovered her in the woods, and conceived her to be a celestial being. They immediately resolve on escaping together. Ellen unlooses the warrior's bonds just at the moment the Indians were approaching to put him to death. He catches her in his arms and darts like lightning from the spot. He is pursued, and finding that Oswald was close on his heels, he sprung on a rock, where he placed Ellen, and having snatched a branch from a tree, he encountered his desperate enemy. The contest was terrible, but victory seemed to be for neither of the combatants, so well were they matched. After struggling for some time, Ellen heard the distant whoop and yell of the savages who had come in search of Oswald:

But who can tell
Of Ellen's frenzy and despair,
When by the pale and sickly glee
Of faintly glimmering clouded moon
She viewed the foeman rushing on?
Wildly she shriek'd an horror stung,
Wildly she look'd, and wildly sprung
From the rock's height upon the ground;
Her tender hand a weapon found,
And in her madness struck the blow,
Headless of friend—headless of foe.
Tushma-la-ha received the wound—
He fell—he welter'd on the ground!
Nor sunk alone; the toilsome strife
In Oswald's breast had weaken'd life;
And now he saw the conflict o'er—
He reel'd, and fell, and saw no more.

The Indians arrive at the moment of the catastrophe, and are about to dispatch Ellen, when Edwin appears with a body of friends, armed with rifles, who immediately prepare to attack the Indians. Impressed with the idea that Ellen had called down an army of spirits to her assistance, they fled from the spot.

E'en as the deer from hunter flies,
Then stops to gaze with wondering eyes,
Loinks back amaz'd, and trembling, then
Resumes his bounding flight again,
Spurning dull earth—fled even so
The fear-struck, trembling, savage foe.

After describing the joy of the parties at meeting, the poem concludes with the following stanzas:—

Serenely bright the orient sun
Rose o'er the eastern horizon,
And cast his splendid beams afar
O'er all the vale of Aldomar.
The cheerful spring revives the plain,
The blushing flow'rets bloom again,
The late bound stream returns its trill,
The oak tree lends its shadow still.
The sun delighted bears the tale
Which Edwin whispers through the vale;
He loves his heart, he knows 'tis true,
And loves the maiden's blushes too.
What mean the blush which on her cheek
Spoke what her lips had failed to speak?
Was't innocence that ne'er had swerv'd?
What gratitude for life preserv'd?
Oh, you may call it what you will,
But it was love, and lovely still.
Why should the minist'ry harp betray
Each traitor sight that steals away?
Or why with tedious strain prolong
The lengthen'd burthen of the song?
The spring, or e'er she'd ta'en her leave,
Brought on the happy nuptial eve,
And none more gay and none more fair
Than Ellen, bride of Aldomar.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enhance her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE. A drama in five acts. By the right hon. Lord Byron.

The scene opens in winter, with Werner and his wife, whom we shall call Josephine, at a little village on the borders of Bohemia, accompanied by their youngest son, an interesting boy of eight or ten years of age. Werner is a mysterious personage, but apparently on the verge of the grave; his wife, a woman of a superior order, of dignified form and liberal attainments. Their struggle between pride and the most abject poverty is deeply distressing; but somewhat lessened by the steward of Prince ***** (the lord of the village, whose palace is close by) assigning them a residence in one of the houses which form his establishment. This house had been the residence of a certain countess, to whom the prince was attached, and strange stories are told of her disappearance by the gossips of the village, including the steward aforesaid, the postmaster and his wife, and the lawyer, without whom no plot can be carried on in any country town in Germany or England. These gentry try to worm out Werner's secret in vain, but the lawyer does contrive to get him partially into his power, by lending him small sums of money, thus destroying his independency of feeling, and, according to the cunning of worldly wisdom, hoping to make a tool of him.

At this period a stranger arrives; a man of high rank. He is Count Harold, Werner's bitterest enemy. Werner is of equal rank, and in the wild career of youth he has alienated his father's affections, and forfeited his own fame by voluptuousness, pride, folly, and misconduct; during the repentance which his better nature has prompted, has wedded Josephine under a feigned name; has been partially reconciled to his father, who twelve years before the piece opens, had adopted his eldest son, Conrad, but has now died without revoking a deed of gift to the Count, executed at the time of his fiercest resentment against his son. This is the reason why the Count pursues Werner, to have him taken off, Conrad delared a bastard, and his way to immense possessions cleared of the legal heirs.

Travelling to Bohemia with these views, the Count has been rescued from drowning in the Oder by two strangers, a Saxon and a Hungarian; and the whole dramatical personae (for the strangers are Conrad, the son of Werner, and the Hungarian an associate of a singular character) are brought accidentally within a few hundred yards of each other at the little village where the scene is laid. The Count and his preservers are accommodated in the palace by the steward; and Werner ascertains that the man who wants to crush him is so near. Wandering about distractedly in the night, he discovers a secret passage to the chamber where he lies; he penetrates to it, finds him in a deep sleep, and the table covered with gold—and robs him, that he may have the means of escaping into Bohemia.

Next morning the robbery excites great confusion, and Conrad encountering his parents, the agonized Werner avows to him the dishonourable act he has committed, in his proud remorse and madness swearing that if the Count had stirred he would have stabbed him to the heart. Conrad seems blasted with his father's ignominy. Suspicion, however, does not light upon him; but upon the sinister-looking and dark Hungarian, who is consequently insulted and driven out by the

Count. The conscious Werner, to make the only reparation in his power, offers him refuge till the abating of the floods render a journey practicable. In the mean time the Count takes measures to arrest Werner, who, warned of this, secretly prepares for flight. The Hungarian attempts the journey, but returns at night and sleeps in the apartment whence the secret passage leads to the Count's apartment in the palace. Werner is harassed by horrible presentiments and fearful dreams, nature's wonderful sympathies, for in the morning the Hungarian is gone no one knows whither, and the Count is found murdered in his room. Conrad appears to suspect his father, and at all events counsels him to fulfil his plan of flight; and Werner accordingly makes his way to Prague, where he is acknowledged as a magnate, the heir of his father's vast possessions. The cup of his felicity is, however, poisoned by a certain mystery which he cannot develop. His friends are not cordial, his servants are strange, his vassals and tenants reluctant to approach him. He traces these effects to Conrad, but cannot account for their cause, nor why his splendid sphere should have become gloomy and desolate. At this epoch great rejoicings take place for a peace which Bohemia had concluded, and, distinguished as one of the highest in the grand procession, Werner recognises the hateful Hungarian among the spectators. His mind becomes agitated and torn. Is slander busy with his name? What power has this odious person over his destiny, or does he meditate fresh deeds of blood? Does the ghost of the Count walk the earth to wither the prosperity of the man who robbed him, and opened, as it were, the door to his murderer? Above all, he feels that the only being in the world on whom his hopes are fixed, his Conrad, is cold, repulsive, and involved in an atmosphere of appalling shadow. In a paroxysm of wretchedness, he orders search to be made for the Hungarian; and that daring man voluntarily presents himself at his palace, and demands an audience. There alone, in their most splendid hall, with Werner and Conrad, he boldly denies that he assassinated the Count, and declares that he knows his murderer. Werner repels this foul suspicion fiercely, and the Hungarian accuses Conrad of being the criminal. Of this fact he produces a dreadful conviction, and the scene of father, son, and accuser, is worthy of the highest powers of Byron. In defiance of an assurance of safety from Werner, Conrad endeavours to destroy the Hungarian; but the former tearing off his rich jewels, enables him to leave the castle. A dialogue, wrought up to the most agonizing pitch, ensues between Conrad and his distracted parent. The former throws off his dissimulation, avows his guilt, and justifies it on the authority of that very parent, who, at the time of the robbery, had attempted to palliate his offence by declaring that some crimes were rendered venial by their occasions, and pleading the transports of passion as their apology. He further confesses that he is the leader of a barbarous banditti, and invites his father to consult the security of their family, and the inheritance of their ancestors, by concealment and prudence. In this terrible visitation, Werner's soul feels the weight of even-handed justice;—involved in utter and inextricable misery, he sinks broken-hearted into the grave, but not before the stern and ruthless Conrad had expiated his villainies with his life, being slain at the head of his band in a conflict with the military.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.

MRS. JORDAN.—The late Mrs. Jordan possessed a heart susceptible of the most tender and humane emotions, and these were called into instant action by the least approach of misery or distress. During her short stay at Chester, where

she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was, by a merciless creditor, thrown into prison. A small debt of forty shillings had been worked up, in a short time, by law expenses, into a bill of eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid his demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good natured countenance could assume, "you lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, sent on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day, the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan, with her servant, was taking her usual walk on the Chester walls, the widow with her children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain in a kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and, with much grateful emotion, exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my family from ruin." The children beholding their mother's tears, added, by their cries, to the affecting scene; which a sensitive mind could not behold without strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes; however, though she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, there, now it's all over; go, good woman. God bless you—don't say another word." The grateful creature would have replied, but this good female Samaritan insisted on her silence and departure.

It so happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and holding out his hand, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord the world were all like thee!" The figure of this man bespoke his calling; his countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favourite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good humour, retreating a few paces, she replied, "No, I won't shake hands with you." "Why?" "Because you are a methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!" "The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the gospel, which tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed; and do you think I can behold a sister so cheerfully obeying the commands of my great master, without feeling that spiritual attachment that leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?" "Well, well; you are a good old soul, I dare say, but—a—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like me when I tell you who I am."—"I hope I shall."—"Well then, I tell you I am a player;" the preacher sighed; "yes, I am a player; you must have heard of me—Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again extended his hand, and with a complacent countenance, he replied, "the Lord bless thee, whoever thou art; his goodness is unlimited; he has bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraids thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together; the offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of Comedy, and the melancholy disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm, to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying, "Fare thee well, sister; I know not what the

principles of people of thy calling may be; thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practice equals thine, I hope and trust, at the Great Day, the Lord will say to each, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF POPE SIXTUS V.

The father of Sixtus, who was a vintager, and very poor, was incapable of maintaining his son, and therefore placed him, when very young, under a husbandman in the neighbourhood, who employed him to watch his sheep. He acquitted himself so badly in this employment, that he was degraded to the rank of attendant upon the hogs. One day whilst he was fulfilling this servile office, he was accosted by a priest of the order of St. Francis, who inquired his way, being ignorant of the road. Felix Peretti, Sixtus' real name, not only pointed out to him the path to Ascoli, whither the monk was going to preach during Lent, but desired to accompany him. The lively and ingenious answers of the boy prepossessed the priest in his favour, and he suffered the lad to accompany him. He was conducted to the convent of Cordeliers, at Ascoli, where he soon obtained, by dint of tears and prayers, the habit of a lay brother. He was taught to write and read: he studied grammar, and displayed so much genius, that he was at length received amongst the number of novices. His haughty and melancholy temper made him, however, much disliked by his inferiors, his equals, and his superiors; the last of whom frequently punished him, and were often ready to expel him the order.

It is astonishing in perusing his history to find, that notwithstanding the intrigues and efforts of his enemies, his own petulance, and the untowardness of his disposition, that he should, by dint of merit and address, surmount every obstacle, and at length gradually attain the papal chair.

He obtained a bishopric, and afterwards the cardinal's hat.

He had altered his name from *Felix Peretti* to that of *Montalte*; and probably this nominal change, by throwing a veil over his juvenile years, was not a little conducive to his elevation. When he saw himself invested with the purple, the *tiara* became the object of his secret ambition. But in order to blind more successfully the cardinals who were able to oppose his elevation, and flatter those who might hope to reign under his name, he curbed his temper, and affected a way of living which seemed to estrange him from a knowledge of public affairs. He never left the retreat which he had chosen, but to visit the sick. He cared for every one, gave alms to the poor, modestly offered his opinion in the consistories to which he was summoned, flew from honours and employments, was upon every occasion inclined to the most moderate side, and affected great ignorance and want of penetration: he also appeared bent under the weight of years and infirmities, and prepared himself for an approaching death. The cardinals were the dupes of these artifices and impositions.

Upon the death of Gregory XIII. many intrigues arose, and cardinal De Montalte favoured them all, or rather attached himself to no one. He flattered every cardinal in private; and made him expect that he should have his suffrage. By these means he succeeded: he was put upon the list; he knew it, but seemed ignorant of his being a candidate. When he was informed that probably he would have the majority of voices, a violent cough seized him, and he appeared expiring. When he had recovered himself a little, he said he had not strength enough to support such a heavy burthen; that his want of experience in business, ren-

dered him incapable of taking upon himself that of the church, unless he was assisted by his colleagues; and that he could never resolve to mount the throne of St. Peter, unless they promised not to abandon him, but to govern jointly with him.

When he found himself secure of the election, he rose from his seat before the end of the ceremony, and throwing away the staff that had before supported him, he raised his head, and joined the *Te Deum* in so loud a voice that the vault of the chapel re-echoed.

He took the name of Sixtus V. in honour of Sixtus IV. who had like himself been a Cordelier. When some of the cardinals testified their surprise at the sudden alteration of his person, and the removal of his infirmities, he replied, "Before I was pope I sought the keys of Paradise, and in order to find them I bent my body and bowed my head; but now I have got them, I look only up to heaven."

His pontificate was ushered in with the execution of the severest justice, which displayed more his sanguinary disposition than his love of good order. He had prohibited the wearing of arms in the city of Rome; and several persons were taken up and hanged for this offence: even the prince of Farnese, son of the duke of Farnese, escaped his fate only by a stratagem of the cardinal his uncle.

When Sixtus heard that Elizabeth, queen of England, had beheaded Mary, queen of Scots, he cried out with a kind of enthusiastic frenzy, "What a lucky woman, to taste the delight of striking off a crowned head!" He always held this princess and Henry IV. of France in the highest esteem; and often said there were but one man and a woman in all Christendom worthy of reigning, and to whom he could communicate the great designs he had planned against the Turks for the good of Christianity.

Sixtus had a sister, named Camilla, whom he tenderly loved. Being born, like himself, in an abject station, she had formerly followed the profession of a washerwoman; and a severe pasquinade appeared upon this occasion. One morning Pasquin had a very dirty shirt on. Marforio asked him the reason of his being such a sloven? "Why, to tell you the truth," (replied Pasquin,) "my washerwoman is become a princess." Sixtus, in order to discover the author of this insult, offered a reward of two thousand pistoles, and promised that his life should be secure. The imprudent author was caught in the snare: he was bold enough to wait upon the pope, and declared that he was the person who had produced that pasquinade. The pope fulfilled his promise, paid him the money, and did not deprive him of life; but sentenced him to lose his hands and his tongue.

Philip II. of Spain had sent the constable of Castile to Rome, to pay obedience to the new pope, whose ambition and secret designs gave Spain uneasiness. Sixtus, struck with the youth of the ambassador, thought that the king designed to insult him. "What," said his holiness to the constable: "is your master, the sovereign of so many states, in want of subjects, that he sends me an ambassador without a beard?" "Holy father," replied the Spaniard, "Had my master known that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a he-goat, and not a gentleman like me."

The most prevailing passion of this pontiff being to eternize his memory, he applied part of his revenues to the embellishment of Rome with fountains and superb edifices. He founded an hospital, several colleges, and the library of the Vatican. Though his severity may appear the offspring of a cruel disposition, its effects were, however, salutary, as Rome was indebted to it for the reformation of morals which it introduced into that capital.

Sixtus was born in 1521; was elected pope in 1585, and died in 1590, aged 69.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing
CAMPBELL.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF GARDENING.

No. I.

The origin of *Horticulture*, or Gardening, like that of every other art of primitive necessity, is unavoidably involved in obscurity. The first vegetable production which attracted attention as an article of food, was probably the fruit of some tree; and the idea of appropriating such trees, (protecting them where they stood, or removing them near the habitation of man,) may naturally be supposed to have given rise to a garden. All the writers of antiquity agree in putting the fig at the head of the fruit trees first cultivated; and next, the vine, the fruit which serves for food as well as for drink. The almond and pomegranate were early cultivated in Canaan; and it appears, by the complaints of the Israelites in the wilderness, that the fig, grape, and olive were known in Egypt from time immemorial.

Culinary vegetables, such as roots and leaves, seem to have been in much less repute in the early ages than fruits; and they are still comparatively neglected in warm countries, from the unsuitableness of the climate to produce them in that degree of succulence in which they grow in more temperate regions. Leeks, onions, and garlic, however, together with cucumbers and melons, appear to have been in use in Egypt at a very early period. Moses, from his directions as to the culture of the vine in Canaan, seems not only to have been a tasteful, but a judicious husbandman. He directs, that after planting the vine and the fig, these trees should not be allowed to ripen any fruit for the first three years; the produce of the fourth is for the Lord, and it is not till the fifth year that it may be eaten by the planter. This trait of Canaanish culture must have contributed materially to the prosperity of fruit trees.

The gardens of Alcinous are said to have contained pears, pomegranates, figs, olives, and other fruits, 'brilliant to the sight,' probably citrons or oranges. The culinary vegetables are not particularized, but they were planted in beds. It matters little that these gardens are fabulous; it is enough that the fruits mentioned were known in the days of Homer.

In the laws of the *decemviri*, the term *hortus* is used to signify both a garden and a country house; but afterwards, the kitchen garden was distinguished by the addition of *pinguis*. Pliny informs us that the husbandman called his kitchen garden 'a second dessert,' or 'a flitch of bacon, which was always ready to be cut,' or 'a salad easy to be cooked, and light of digestion,' and judged that there must be a bad housewife where the garden (her special charge) was in disorder. According to this author, who wrote about the end of the first century, there were cultivated in the neighbourhood of Rome almost all the species of fruits known at the present day, and many of the culinary vegetables. The principal exceptions are apple, orange, (the citron they had, but the orange was not introduced till the fourth century,) potato, and sea-kale. Very few of these fruits were aboriginal in Italy. The fig was introduced from Syria, the citron from Media, the peach from Persia, the pomegranate from Africa, the apricot from Epirus, apples, pears, and plums from Armenia, and the cherry from Pontus. Chesnuts, filberts, quinces, services, raspberries, and strawberries appear to have been their only native fruits. The gooseberry and currant are found wild in the woody hills of the north of Italy, but with these it does not appear they were acquainted; for the climate of the plains does not admit of their culture.

The vine and the olive were then, as now, cultivated as branches of general econo-

my; the former was trained on the elm and the poplar; and some of the olive plantations mentioned by Pliny (among others, that in the vale of the cascade of Marmora near Terni) still exist.

The Romans, it is conjectured by Daines Barrington and Sir Joseph Banks, from some *pig-ums* in Martial, (lib. viii. 14 and 68.) and from the way in which cucumbers are mentioned by Pliny (lib. xix. 23.) and Columella, (B. xi. ch. 3.) had even arrived at the luxury of forcing vegetables. The lapis specularis, we are informed, could be split into thin plates five feet in length, which supplied the place of glass frames: by means of these, Tiberius, who was fond of cucumbers, had a succession of them throughout the year: they were grown, Columella tells us, in baskets of warm horse-dung covered with earth, placed out of doors in fine weather and taken in at night. It is probable, Sir Joseph Banks adds, that grapes and peaches were also forced; and that they had hot walls, as they were well acquainted with the use of flues.

The horticulture of the Romans was entirely empirical, and carried on with the superstitious observances dictated by polytheism. Varro directs his friend to adore Venus as the patroness of the garden, and to observe lunar days: some things, he adds, are to be done while the moon is increasing; and others, as the cutting of corn and underwood, when she is on the decrease. 'I attend to these regulations piously,' says Agricola, 'not only in shearing my sheep, but in cutting my hair; for I might become bald if I did not do this in the wane of the moon.' We are informed by Columella, that husbandmen, who were more religious than ordinary, when they sowed turnips, prayed that they might grow both for themselves and for their neighbours. 'If caterpillars attack them,' he subjoins, with suitable gravity, 'a woman going with her hair loose, and barefooted round each bed, will kill them; but women must not be admitted where cucumbers or gourds are planted, for commonly green things languish and are checked in their growth by their handling of them.'

It was held by the Roman writers on *georgics*, that any scion may be grafted on any stock; and that the scion, partaking of the nature of the stock, will have its fruit changed accordingly. Pliny instances the effect of grafting the vine on the elm, and of drawing the shoot of a vine through the trunk of the chesnut; but modern experience has ascertained that no faith is to be placed in these and similar doctrines, even though Pliny and others assert that they were eye-witnesses of some of the phenomena which they record. In Italy, at the present day, attempts are made to impose on strangers roses, myrtles, and jessamines, grafted on the orange. Evelyn was thus deceived at Genoa, and again at Brussels, about the middle of the last century: but every one, in the slightest degree acquainted with vegetable physiology, knows the thing to be impossible. It is a simple trick; and performed by planting a rose and an orange, for example, close together, and drawing the shoot of the former through a hole bored in the trunk of the latter. Various other modes of effecting deceptions of this kind are pointed out by Professor Thonin, in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, in what he calls the *Greffe Charlatan*.

The only native fruits of Britain are the white plum or sloe, currant, bramble, raspberry, strawberry, cranberry, black, red, and white heather berries, elder berries, roans, haws, hips, hazel nuts, acorns, and beech-mast. All the others have either been introduced by the Romans (whose gardening would, no doubt, spread with their conquests,) or by the monks and religious houses during the dark ages from the tenth to the fifteenth century. The same thing may be affirmed as to most of their culinary vegetables, of which only the carrot, celery, beet, asparagus,

sea-kale, and mushroom are natives of England.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Green Fruit in Winter.—Let cherries, strawberries, raspberries, plums, peaches, or any succulent fruit whatever, be put into a vessel, somewhat like that used by confectioners for freezing ice creams, around which put salt and ice, exactly as they do. The fruit will soon be frozen, when it should be carried to the ice-house, and placed in a hole dug out in the centre of the ice, and over the top of the hole a quantity of powdered charcoal should be placed, secured by a common watch-coat blanket. When the winter season arrives, the containing vessel may be opened, and the fruit taken out in its frozen state; then place it in cold water to thaw, and it will be as delicious as when first gathered. When salt and ice, in the manner employed by confectioners in general, shall be found inadequate to freeze some fruits hard enough, the mixture for producing an intense cold, as spoken of by Chaptal, the celebrated French chemist, of salt, saltpetre, and glauber salts, will effectually freeze it very hard.

Ophthalmic Schools.—Sir Wm. Adams is now making a two months' tour of the Continent, for the purpose of visiting the various Ophthalmic Schools, and establishing a correspondence with them for advancing the knowledge of the diseases of the eye.—The schools of Germany are said to be superior to those of any other country, and there is reason to hope the happiest results from the proposed interchange of information upon the subject of that delicate organ.

Origin of Literary Journals.—On the 30th of May, in the year 1666, the first Literary Journal was published by Denis de Sallo, ecclesiastical counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, which was entitled *Journal des Savans*, a work which met so favourable a reception, that it was not only soon imitated throughout Europe, but the author at the same time had the satisfaction of having his own journal translated into various languages. This was the origin of the present numerous journals, in which

—Th' unlearn'd their wants may view;
The learn'd reflect on what they knew before.

Organic Remains.—The singular coal mine at Bovey, eight miles from Moreton, has been sunk in little more than half a century to the depth of about seventy-three feet, displaying immense layers of timber, disposed horizontally, *stratum super stratum*. The uppermost trunks still exhibit bark in a state little altered, and their own substance completely lignous. Beneath, the wood appears more compacted together, and yet lower, the masses resemble jet or coal. Here is most curiously opened to view the gradual transmutation of the vegetable to the mineral character.

In the course of working the tin mines of Cornwall, buckets without hoops, cut out of the solid timber, and picks, formed with great labour from the horns of the fallow-deer, have been found. Hence, probably, the searching for tin ore was an established business, previously to our knowledge of iron.

Universal supply of water.—Recent experiments, in many parts of England, have proved that constant supplies of the best water may be obtained by properly boring the earth to a sufficient depth. Fountains have been made where water used to be sold by the gallon, which yield a constant supply of a hogshead per hour.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Animalcules.—Some of the animalcules which are found in the Greenland sea, move at the rate of one-180th of an inch in a second; others at the rate of an inch in three minutes. The American bird, the Condor, could fly round the globe at the equator, a favourable gale prevailing, in about a week. The Greenland Animalcules would require 8935 years to perform the same journey. The diameter of the largest of them, is only the one 2000th of an inch, and many only one 4000th. A whale requires a sea to sport in; while 15,000,000 of these animalcules would have abundant room in a tumbler of water.

Curious bird.—Lucock, in his notes on Rio Janeiro, says, "A purple bird, called a *Sablar*, was shot near St. Gonzales, and, though badly wounded, immediately set up a full and melodious song, which continued until its latest moments."—Could this bird have been the swan of the ancients, whose dying song is so often alluded to?

Rara Avis.—In May, there were taken from the rookery at Hemmingby, near Horncastle, England, belonging to Mr. Taylor, a couple of milk-white rooks, with white bills and legs, without the least tinge of any colour whatever: they are full fledged, tame, and well worth the observation of the virtuoso and the naturalist. There were others in the same rookery, with wings only tipped with white, but they were suffered to escape.

Strange affiliation.—Mr. Adams, of Loughborough, having placed a nest of full fledged sky-larks in a cage with a cock canary bird, the latter now nurtures the little chirpers as his own, giving them food and water from his beak. He was in full song when this work of fatherly affection began, but from that moment he has not opened once, as if so much levity were incompatible with the fostering care of his little family.

Ants.—According to M. Huber, it is a mistake to suppose that ants are hoarding insects. He affirms that they never hoard, that they do not eat grain, and that they are almost wholly carnivorous. Labouring ants, he says, forage for the whole society, and bring to the nests small insects, or portions of any animal substance that may fall in their way. The food which they appear to relish most, is an exudation from the bodies of several species of aphids, insects which abound on the plants in the vicinity of ant-hills. M. Huber says, that the liquor is voluntarily given out by the aphids, when solicited to do so by the ant, who for that purpose strikes it gently but repeatedly with its antennae, using the same motions as it does when caressing its young. Though many anecdotes are given by this author of their fondness and tender care of their females, their readiness to assist one another, and their willingness to share the "good things of this life" with their brethren, yet they are not free from the bad passions any more than the "higher animals," and, like them, are not a little fiery and pugnacious. They fight, in fact, like dragons. Their fury and desperation is inconceivable; they are the bulldogs among insects. When an ant has fastened upon its adversary, it will suffer its limbs to be torn one by one from its body rather than let go its hold; and they are frequently seen to carry about with them as trophies of their victories, the mangled bodies of those they have subdued!

Affection in a Bird.—Some boys, in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, Scotland, had taken three young linnets from two nests, carried them home, and placed them in a cage. Two days afterwards,

when the mistress of the family entered the room, she saw a bird on the cage, which had entered the room by a broken pane, and seemed endeavouring to get through the wires. Supposing it had got out of the cage, she went forward to catch it. It allowed itself to be taken, and was placed in the cage, when a striking scene of mutual affection took place: two of the young ones flew to the stranger, who as warmly returned their caresses, and proved that she was the fond mother that had been bereft of her offspring. Some meat was put into the bottom of the cage, which she instantly broke down and fed her young with. The third young bird, neither noticed by the mother, nor claiming a share of what she divided to her young, proves to be of a different family. The whole continued in the same cage; and the mother seemed unconscious of her lost liberty in the enjoyment of her restored young ones.

Harpies.—The Nicobar bats are perfect harpies: the body is as big as that of a common cat, and the outstretched wings measure from five to six feet across the back. They are of two kinds; the head of one somewhat resembling a dog, and that of the other, a cat; and one is said to make a barking, and the other a mewing noise, when upon the wing! The mango is their favourite food, and they perch awkwardly upon the tree, breaking down the smaller branches, till they light upon such as are able to bear their weight. These monstrous looking creatures appear to live wholly upon vegetables. It is understood that the vampire of South America is formed to subsist in the same manner, and that the appetite for blood, which renders it destructive to cattle, and even dangerous to man, is an acquired habit.—There are many who believe that the flesh-eating propensity of man is also an acquired, not a natural habit; and indeed most healthy children, we believe, are averse from animal food.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the *Minerva*.

THE FEVER. No. III.

In my two former numbers I have stated my opinion of some of the most prominent causes of fever, and the manner in which certain substances operate on the human frame. It remains for me to give my views of the measures pursued by the corporate authorities in their double capacity of guardians of the public peace, and members of the Board of Health.

The experience of this year has satisfactorily proved, to every man of reflection, that the fever which has produced so much excitement, is not *contagious*. The advocates for *exclusive importation*, have not produced one authenticated fact to prove its *foreign* source. In the absence of all proof to the contrary, I am bound to declare, that it has originated here. I do not deny but that the hold of a ship may become so charged with fermenting animal and vegetable matter, that those coming in contact with it, or breathing the exhalations from it, may take *yelllow*, or any other bilious or malignant fever.

The proceedings of the Board of Health, and the quarantine regulations, appear to be predicated upon a belief in *importation* and *contagion*.

The Board have ordered the clean, dry side-walks and pavements to be covered with unslaked lime, charcoal, and tan-bark. The first was not applied at the proper time, or in the proper places. Had lime been used freely early in the season, in the sinks, lanes, alleys, yards, and damp cellars, the most beneficial results might have been expected. The coal and bark are inert, and perfectly useless, and the money expended worse

than thrown away. The people have thereby been taught to believe, that they might rely on the use of these materials, instead of the only safe and efficacious ones, *cleanliness* and *temperance*. These materials have been selected from the great mass of projects presented to the Board by the physicians who have confounded the members and themselves by their contradictory theories and projects. A majority of the Board has approved of these, and rejected the others. They should have been all rejected, and the people taught to rely on the means within the reach of every family. I have the fullest confidence in the integrity of the members of the Board and the "Resident Physician;" and it is most likely that any other set of men, elected as they have been, would not have done better. They were not elected for that object, but to watch over the pecuniary and political interests of their immediate constituents. They have been placed in the most responsible and delicate situation. We should not expect of them the greatest skill in sciences, or an intimate knowledge of nature and its laws. Can they make themselves believe, or expect that others should, that the island of New York contains within it the germs of fever the most appalling, of pestilence the most destructive, independently of the filth which man, ungrateful man, has, by his indolence, suffered to accumulate, or his avarice has suffered to remain? There can be no libel so base, no ingratitude so reprehensible, as that which denies a benevolent Providence its guardian care of this highly favoured spot. Is it not hourly fanned by the health-inspiring breeze from the ocean, the balmy winds from the rivers and bay, the pine hills of New-Jersey, and the evergreen mountains of the north? Shall we longer be so weak or so wicked, as to attribute all the evils we feel to causes beyond our control, to agents of which we have no knowledge, or to which our reason cannot give a place or a name? No; we must have a Board of Health differently organized; the people must reason, and not rely on the *tried* or *untried* theories of any set of men. Let nine men be appointed by the Common Council from among the body of the people—men of age, experience, and science. Give them ample powers to remove, and cause to be removed, every offensive matter from every part of the city. A Board of Health thus constituted, would receive the confidence and support of the citizens. The conduct of the people may be justly compared to those who should flee from the city at the appearance of a fire, instead of bringing forward the engines and arresting it at once. This fever might have been put to flight in ten days, at a cost of less than \$5000, by which nearly a million of dollars would have been saved to the city.

Let people, when they return home, commence the necessary washing and scrubbing, and make a free use of lime where there can be any thing offensive accumulate. Let them keep every part of their premises clean, and they will have no cause for removal another or any future year.

Many of the most learned and influential physicians of the city have contended that the yellow fever was *exclusively imported*. This doctrine has caused an extraordinary excitement. But it is a doctrine which is fast giving way, and a better understanding of the causes, and the method of prevention and cure, are taking its place.

The whole of the ridiculous projects which have been brought forward and rejected, will not be thought of hereafter. Every family will see the necessity of keeping themselves clean in their persons and dwellings; of using good water, taking gentle exercise, living temperately, drinking less spirits, and more beer and wine; to avoid the scorching rays of the sun in midsummer, and the damp air of

night; to sleep in dry, airy rooms; and particularly to dress so as to accord with the extreme changes from heat to cold, which are too often experienced in this latitude.

T. D.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXIX. of the *Minerva* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Hermona, or the Grateful Slave.*—*Familial Duty.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Carnival at Madrid*, from Doblado's Letters from Spain.

LITERATURE.—*Jameson's Celestial Atlas.*

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*—*Peregrinations of a Theopian*, No. III.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Charles XII. King of Sweden.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Improvement on Gun Barrels.*—*Subterranean Phenomenon.*—*Natural History.*—*Scientific Notices* from foreign journals.

—*Agricultural Memoranda.*

NATURALIST'S DIARY.—A monthly Diary of Natural History, as applicable to New-York, and the adjoining country, will be commenced in the next number of the *Minerva*.

POETRY.—*The Unfortunate Mariner*, by "B." and other original pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, DEATHS and MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

In certain places in West Florida, nut galls are produced in abundance, which are now imported from the Mediterranean, for the use of dying and medicines, at a very great expense.

A. S. Pell, Esq. of Hyde Park, Goshen County, has growing on his farm upwards of sixty thousand apple trees, nearly fit to set out. The kind he has propagated chiefly is the Newtown Pipin, the fruit being intended for exportation. He contemplates setting them on seven hundred acres of rich land, adjoining the river in Ulster county, and to avail himself of the land for eight or ten years, by rearing fine horses, which in grazing do no damage to fruit-trees.

The Indian corn crop of one farmer in the town of Washington, (N. Y.) this season, consists of one hundred acres, some of which has been gathered and found to yield rising sixty-bushels to the acre.

A fish, seven inches in length, was lately taken from a pond in Nantucket, by a large bird, carried into the air, and afterwards shot while in the claws of the bird, above sixty feet from the earth. The bird escaped with a slight wound.

A French translation of the *Spy* has been published in Paris, and is attributed to Miss Wright, the authoress of *Travels in the United States*.

In the September Number of *Silliman's Journal of Science and the Arts*, are two or three letters containing a description of a rock found on the western shore of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, in which are the impressions of two human feet. They are so exactly copied from nature, as to make it questionable whether they were formed by some man standing in the spot while the rock was very soft, or have been cut by art.

MARRIED,

On the 4th inst. Mr. George B. Starks to Miss Sarah Ann Summers.

On Tuesday week, Mr. Henry M. DeForest to Miss Mary Calhoun.

On Saturday, Mr. Justus Earle to Miss Anna Matilda Stagg.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Thomas Cook to Miss Frances Nichols.

On the 15th, Mr. Arthur Quin to Miss Mary Ann Mooney.

DIED,

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Murray, aged 43, relict of the late Mr. A. Murray.

On the 13th, Mrs. Rebecca Mickie, aged 26 years.

On the 14th, Mrs. Chevalier.

On Saturday, Mr. Richard V. Carter, aged 26 years.

On the 16th inst. David V. Nostrand, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 15th, Mr. Michael Jordan.

On Monday, in the 22d year of his age, Mr. Joseph De Clew.

On the 17th, Oliver Vanderbilt.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO SALONINA.

Fair moralist, the lesson taught
On Nature's ample page,
Thy verse with double power has fraught,
The bosom to engage;
But though we all its truth would learn,
And strive against despair,
Tis vain—we to reflection turn,
And find despondence there.

The oak, in conscious strength secure,
Lifts high its fearless form,
Prepared for ages to endure
The fury of the storm.
Long o'er its head may tempests blow,
And winds unheeded roar,
Yet lay at last its honours low,
To bloom again no more.

Thus like the monarch of the wood,
"First spirits" stand awhile;
By life's worst tempests unsubdued,
Mid misery they smile.
But what can man? The proudest soul
That mocks misfortune's blast,
And spurns adversity's control,
Must yield to fate at last.

LAWRENCE.

Oct. 7th, 1822.

GREECE.

Oh, Greece! thou fairy land of school-boy hours,
Thou earthly paradise of youthful dreams!
How have I rambled through thy classic bowers,
And hung in fancy o'er thy fabled streams!
And now again the sun of glory gleams
From its pure heaven; and victory's angel smiles,
And all that valour deems immortal, beams
Around thy lovely vales and sunny isles;
And hosts are met again, in thy unstained defiles.

And heroes, as of old, undaunted rise,
Call'd to the battle for thy hearths and fanes;
And banners float in thy unruled skies,
And warlike music echoes from thy plains,
And swords leap forth at th' inspiring strains:
Who would not rush to combat for thy sake?
When she they love of foreign yoke complains!
Oh, Europe! may thy valiant spirit wake,
And the oppressor from his grasp of bondage shake!

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE GREER CHIEF,
Who has recently given Greece the example of
A SECOND LEONIDAS.

"The foe is before ye," young Bozaris cried,
As he led his bold ranks up Thermopyla's side—
"The foe is before ye—and, sleeping beneath,
Are the heroes of Sparta, who triumphed in death.

"Like them, let us wait for the tyrant's array,
Their shades bid us welcome to glory to-day;
Let us fall as they fell, and thus dying, to save,
The trophies of Freedom shall bloom on our graves."

He spoke—and the torrent of foemen was stayed,
Like Persia, when cloven by Sparta's red blade;
And the heath of the mountain, the rock of the dell,
Were strew'd with the tyrants who rush'd on and fell.

And Greece, too, shall mourn o'er the heroes that died,
But her cypress is mix'd with the laurel's green pride;
For it was not in vain that young Bozaris shed
His life on that spot where Leonidas bled.

Young Greek, thou wert worthy to share in his fame,
Like his was thy cause, and your virtue the same;
He died a crown'd martyr at Liberty's shrine,
And as holy and grand was that proud death of thine!

And the matrons of Greece have arrayed thy cold clay
With garlands, whose fragrance shall not die away;
And they ask the Great Being, while gracing thy tomb,
That their sons may have virtue to envy thy doom.

Though the lyre of thy country for ages has hung
On the laurel of Delphi, all mute and unstring,
Yet again it shall wake with the fire of the free,
And pour the wild requiem sweetly o'er thee.

And the mountain that nurses the eagle, shall form
Thy awful memorial, through sunshine and storm;
And whether it wears Heaven's brightness or gloom,
Oh, who would not wish for so glorious a tomb!

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

How blest the maid whose heart, yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beats with a saucy running high
Her simple cares to magnify;
Whom labour never urged to toil,
Hath cherish'd on a healthful soil;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Awance upon her pretty self
Reflected in some crystal brook;
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear!

Such, (but, O lavish Nature! why
That dark, unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a spirit that repiles
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's—first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, yon Italian maid,
Our Lady's laggard votress,
Hail ing beneath the chesnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A sister serves with slacker hand; [band
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
Th' Helvetian girl—who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep!
—Say whence that modulated shout?
From wood nymph of Diana's throng?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy bacchantes belong?
Jubilant outcry!—rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obey'd,
The voice of an Helvetian maid.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her step the elastic green sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
Blithe paragon of Alpine grace
Be thou, as thou art—for through thy veins
The blood of heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, life prepares,
The fetters which the matron wears;
The patriot mother's weight of anxious cares!

"Sweet Highland girl!—a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
When thou didst pass before my eyes,
Gay vision under sullen skies,
While hope and love around thee play'd
Near the rough falls of Inversneyd!
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from thee;
For in my fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality;
And there shall bloom with thee allied,
The votress by Lugano's side;
And that intrepid nymph, on Uri's steep descried!

TO ELLEN.

Ellen, thou load-stone to my heart,
Thou only love I e'er have known;
Why was it so that I must part
From thee, for whom I live alone;
And thus o'er unknown countries stray,
Where each step leads from thee away;

Since that foul day we said farewell,
O'er countless weary miles I've been;
And many curious tales could tell,
For much of novelty I've seen.
But nought can give to me delight,
While thus of thee deprived the sight.

Last eve I lay beneath a pine,
The lady moon arising fair;
And then my thoughts recurred to thee,
Thou one sole object of my care,
Oh! if all care were sweet as this,
A world of care were one of bliss!

And when that bright lamp from above,
Tinged every thing with silvery hue,
Methought it was of my own love
An emblem apposite and true;
For well I wot, where'er thou art,
All gloom of soul will swift depart.

A little cloud arose, and though
It veiled,—it did not hide, the moon;
Ah, sure,—I sighed,—I well do know
A breast whence anger flies as soon!
Then o'er my heart remembrance crept
Of happy days,—and then I wept.

Thus all I see assumes a shape
Congenial to my restless mind;
Nor can the meanest thing escape,
But that in it I thee do find.
And so my every day is past,
Each one an echo of the last.

Nor, Ellen, may I e'er forget,
Thy thoughts and feelings are as mine;
"Tis bitter sweet to think, and yet
I would not have thee, love, repine;
If me to see can ease thy pain,
I quickly come, nor go again!

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

Pallet the painter once engaged a draper,
To let him have some broadcloth to make breeches;
The cloth was measured, cut, and wrapped in paper,
And given him, with a hundred civil speeches.

A tailor soon was found to take his measure,
Who made them out of hand, and took them home;
And said to Pallet, he should have much pleasure
In serving such a man in time to come.

Pallet, equipped, walked off—he might have rode—
Whichever it was, he quite forgot to pay:—
The draper soon discovered his abode,
And call'd upon him one unlucky day.

Pallet, as usual with him, had not got
His Sovereign's picture stamp'd on standard gold,
No, nor its ragged substitute, a banker's note;
And vainly did the draper beg and scold.

At last they bargained, that as Pallet had
The draper's goods, the draper should take his,—
And Satan's portrait was the barter made—
"Ad vivum, tail and claws, and horns and phiz."

Satan and draper then went home together:
The draper shew'd him to all sorts of people,
At sixpence each, who, in the wettest weather,
Could visit Satan, not the parish steeple.

Thus what the draper thought he should have lost,
The Devil made it up, with more to boot,—
The tailor next the painter's threshold crost'd,
Hoping he'd fitted well his honour's suit;

And said, "he'd heard how nobly he had paid
The draper,—that a bill was coming due,—
That times were very hard, indeed for trade,—
That dandies, now, made one suit serve for two:—

"For want of cash he oft was in the vapours—
Wish'd not to do his honour any evil—
That as his bill was smaller than the draper's
He'd be contented with a smaller Devil."

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Desire not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Pat's, \$0 75.—Sandy's, \$0 62½.—Yankee's, \$0 50.

PUZZLE II.—\$75.

PUZZLE III.—Ophthalmic.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

While I am writing this, I am thinking of something which you are now thinking of. What is that thing?

II.

A certain man met two others in a wilderness, where he could obtain no food; he found, however, that the one of the persons he met had two penny loaves, and the other three; he offered them 5s. to partake with them, and when the repast was finished, pursued his journey. Now the two men disagreed about the division of the money. He who had two loaves required half, as he had let the stranger have an equal share of his whole, and the other had done no more: the other objected, on the ground that he had three loaves, and ought to have 3s. and his companion, who had two loaves, 2s. Being unable to decide the matter, they appealed to a judge, renowned for his power; he decreed that he who had three loaves should receive 4s. and he who had two, the remaining shilling. Now, was the decision equitable, and on what principle?

III.

Place ten cents in a row upon a table; then taking up any one of the series, place it upon some other, with this proviso, that you pass over just one cent.—Repeat this until there are no single cents left.

CHRONOLOGY.

112. Antiochus IX. expelled from Antioch by Gryphus.

111. Rome declared war against Jugurtha, king of Numidia.

110. Posthumus, consul, corrupted by the presents of Jugurtha.

109. The Cimbri entered Italy, and defeated Silianus, consul.

John Hircanus took Samaria, having routed Ptolemy.

Metellus restored discipline, and defeated Jugurtha in two battles.

108. Scaurus, consul, commanding in Gaul, was defeated by the Cimbri.

The Romans began to make war in Lusatia.

107. Cassius, consul, slain in an engagement with the Helvetians of Basle.

Death of John Hircanus. His son, Aristobulus, took the title of king, and reigned but one year.

Cleopatra dethroned her eldest son, Ptolemy Lathyrus, and raised his younger brother, Alexander, to the throne. He reigned eighteen years.

106. Toulouse taken by the Romans, with immense booty.

Birth of M. Tullius Cicero, and of the Great Pompey.

Alexander Jannaeus succeeded his brother, Aristobulus, king of the Jews, and reigned twenty-seven years.

105. Battle betwixt the Romans and the Cimbri and Teutones.

80,000 Romans, or allies, and 70,000 slaves, fell on this day.

104. Triumph of Marius on the defeat of Jugurtha.

103. Marius cut to pieces the Teutones and Ambones, near the town of Aix; 200,000 were killed, and 80,000 taken prisoners.

101. L. Apul. Saturninus, tribune, created disturbances, being supported by Marius.

100. The Agrarian law proposed by Saturninus.

99. Alexander, king of Judea, besieged Ptolemais, or Acre.

98. Ptolemy Lathyrus defeated Alexander.

Cleopatra's troops put Ptolemy to flight.

97. Ptolemy Lathyrus seized Gadara and Amathunta.

Alexander besieged and took the towns of Raphia and Antedon.

96. Death of Ptolemy, king of Cyrene, who bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans.

Death of Antiochus Gryphus, after a reign of twenty-nine years.

95. Seleucus, son of Gryphus, defeated and slew Antiochus IX. His son, Antiochus X. succeeded to his part of Syria.

94. Seleucus, son of Gryphus, put to flight by Antiochus, took refuge in Mopsuestia, where he was burnt to death by the inhabitants, with all his friends.

93. Antiochus, second son of Gryphus, defeated and drowned. His brother, Philip and Demetrius, succeeded in his stead.

91. M. Livius Drusus having proposed to make the allies citizens of Rome, was killed by persons unknown.

90. In the war with the allies, Lucius Cæsar was defeated by Vettius: Cato rallied his troops, and proved successful.

Antiochus Eusebius, vanquished by Philip and Demetrius, retired to the Parthians.

Cleopatra put to death by her son, Ptolemy Alexander, king of Egypt.

89. L. Sylla defeated the Sannites. L. Porcius, consul, slain.

88. War against Mithridates. Sylla being named to command, Marius caused him to be divested of authority. Sylla became master of Rome, and expelled Marius.

Mithridates ravaged Phrygia, put to death the ambassadors and all the Romans in Asia; seized Mædon, Thrace, and all Greece.

Ptolemy Alexander expelled from Egypt, and his brother Lathyrus restored.

87. Rome besieged by the four armies of Cato, Marius, Carbo, and Sertorius.

The city being taken, a great deal of bloodshed ensued.

Plotius Gallus, first teacher of rhetoric at Rome.

86. Sylla retook Athens, and restored it to liberty.

L. Flaccus, sent to succeed Sylla, was killed.

Tigranes, king of Armenia, acknowledged king of Syria, reigned eighteen years.

Civil war with Sylla.

Cato, the consul, slain.

The senate sent deputies to Sylla, to treat for a peace.

83. Sylla, crossing the sea, gained a great victory over Mithridates.

Q. Sertorius, despairing of the affairs of Marius, set out for his province in Spain. Cn. Pompey joined Sylla with three legions.

Burning of the temple of Delphi.

Sylla defeated Marius, and was declared perpetual dictator.

Murena undertook the war with Mithridates.

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